



VOL. V

No. 1

PARNASSUS

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JANUARY, 1970

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Am. Acad. 1881

PEOPLE

John Kittredge

*People are nice
tonight . . .
to me*

*Yes they are
Yesery*

*All around
Over above*

*Must be the coming
Of the dove*

*Yes they are
Yesery*

*People are nice
tonight
to me*

*Yes they are
Yesery*

*All around
Over above*

*Up and down
Must be love*

*Yes they are
Yesery*

*People are nice
tonight
to me*

*Now they have left
Gone
Away*

*I just learned
yesterday*

*All around
Over above*

*I feel the loss
of my love*

*Life just turned
yesterday*

*My girl is gone
tonight
to stay.*

"Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby?"

L. Gross

It has been well known in the rock music world for years that the Rolling Stones were in fact five Parisian 'ladies of the night.' They WERE but no longer ARE. They all underwent an operation in Denmark over five years ago to alter their sex. Andrew Loog Oldham first found them in Paris at Madame Jolette's, being a frequent visitor there.

With the advent of the Beatles in America, the rock market was wide open for new English musical groups. Unfortunately, at that time nearly all English musicians were suffering from Epstein's Scurvy, which they had all contracted at a Negro Blues revival in South Africa.

Oldham, knowing a good thing when he saw it, had decided to somehow gain a foot-hold in the American music market. He took the girls to Denmark where the operations were performed and started teaching them a British accent.

Since these events occurred, the Stones have given us many clues about their past. Paul McCartney, being one of the inner circle of British rock, has known their secret for years. Before Paul became famous, he knew Mick, or rather Michelle LeClaire, in Paris. They were 'just good friends' and had one child, a girl. Paul wrote "Michelle," one of his most beautiful love songs, for her just after the child was born. Part of the song is sung in her native language, French, the first of many clues.

After the rise of the popularity of the Stones, Paul and Mick became estranged and Mick was bitter about it for years. This bitterness comes out in some of the lyrics Mick wrote with Keith Richards, formerly Cecilie Fournette, in two of the early songs, "It's All Over Now," and "Good Times, Bad Times," both on the 12x5 l.p. If the phrase "Good Times, Bad Times," is played backwards you can hear Mick say, "Paul has left me, so sad."

And their name itself, when the letters are rearranged ROLLING STONES, spell STRONG SIN, LOLE: Lole being Madame Jollete's pet name for her establishment. In all these clues, there are signs showing what their past was.

Over the years Oldham, who is no longer connected with the Stones, has tried to keep down their obvious 'joi de vie', but without success. When in New York for an Ed Sullivan broadcast, Charlie Watts (Charlotte de Guerre), became extremely enamoured of Mr. Sullivan and was seen on national television singing to him 'Let's spend the night together,' penned by Mick and Keith as a fond remembrance of Parisian nights.

On the back of the "Out of Our Heads" l.p., Brian Jones (Coleen Deutarte), is seen reflected from two mirrors side by side obviously depicting his former self and his present self. The "Aftermath" l.p. is symbolic also because it refers

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to the AFTERMATH of their operations and the lives they have led since. On the cover of this album their faces are out of focus, again showing that things are not as they seem. They are also out of focus on the cover of "Between the Buttons."

What it all comes down to is that the Rolling Stones have played one of the biggest jokes in the history of the world and have gotten away with it. There are more clues than I have given here, so if you want the REAL truth, start getting into those lyrics. You'll be amazed!



Games Part 1.

Sean Allison Kennon

Help me find my brother.
(finders—keepers)

He is waiting somewhere to be found . . .

On a Saturday afternoon, drinking his lager,
watching the Any—Sox win their first game; and
waiting somewhere to be found.

In a church, on a Sunday, hearing the cleric, while
his eyes close, and his head nods in reverence to
the man who created the foam rubber cushion; and
waiting somewhere to be found.

In a tavern, on a Friday, praising the barons who
fathered his dollar, raised it and dressed it, for
him to caress it; and wait somewhere to be found.

In the plant, on any weekday, he 'puts in his eight
hours,' only to find, that at the end of the line,
he's among the missing.

(losers—weepers)

June 2, 1969



James McNeill Whistler

Nudity and the Theatre

P. R. Burno

The audience sat enthralled; watching, listening. Groans, moans, and cries came from the 30 naked bodies thrashing about on the floor. Arms flailed, bodies that glistened with sweat were tightly entwined around one another. A glimpse back through history; or maybe a scene from a Roman orgy? Not really, just a simple off Broadway production of OH! CALCUTTA!

The poor theatre, having exhausted most other sexual themes has now turned to nudity.

Shortly after World War II both Hollywood and the theatre began to introduce passionate heterosexual love scenes. These progressed from implications of sexual acts to actual scenes of lovers in bed, with occasional glimpses of a nude shoulder or thigh. The public was shocked, but curious. This was an outrage to the decent people of society, the same decent people who at night packed the theatres clammering for more. Soon these began to lose their glitter. The good citizens, no longer shocked, became bored.

A new gimmick was needed to bring the people back. Playwrights and producers put their heads together to think up something else that would return the awe to the theatre.

Homosexuality! Box offices were rushed, theatres crammed to the brim. Here was a thing that was more than shocking! It was dirty! Homosexuality between males was now uncovered in a most revolting, but none the less, effective way. THE DETECTIVE, THE BOYS IN THE BAND, and STAIRCASE are just a few examples.

The public adapted to sexual acts between males rather well. The theatre trudged on down the line of sexual themes and turned to Lesbianism -- THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, THE FOX, THERESE AND ISABELLE. This was a little harder to digest, but the bi-carb was passed after every show.

Now the theatre has turned to nudity. This seems to be the end of the line. What is left for the theatre of the future? Fear not. Sex and the theatre will not die, there is one theme still unexplored, and a most revolting one at that. Bestiality. There could be a production of the story of the creation of the Minotaur or maybe Leda and the Swan.

Poor, poor theatre, when will it learn that when a little is left to the imagination it is far more provocative. A woman's body against a tight dress is much better than just a plain naked body. After all, we all have one of those. Maybe even Adam and Eve knew this, they chose to wear fig leaves, didn't they?

*I am different
Down deep I know
My mind's a little bent
And it disturbs me so*

*Three are dark
And I am light
Will they leave a mark
And leave me sight*

*For other people, strangers
To look, forget, remember,
but never care
Alone my mind lays there
Close amongst dark strangers*

John Kittredge

NO ONE EVER SAID

P. R. Burno

*When I was little
I'd be a fireman.
Clang Clang, I'd ring my bell.
And it was very real,
'Cause no one ever said.*

*There was a God,
He was a good, kind man.
Way up in the sky, he lived.
And I never thought he had a colour,
No one ever said.*

*When I got big I went to school,
There were lots of children there,
I wanted to play, but no one would,
And I didn't know why,
'Cause no one ever said.*

*And now I'm grown.
I know I'm black and that you're white,
And I know I'm set apart.
I don't know why I'm so bad,
'Cause no one ever said.*

An Evaluation of a High School

Marian Gammon

Emptiness. The Webster dictionary defines it as vacant; that which lacks what it is supposed to fill or occupy. The goal of a high school should be to stimulate; to prepare and motivate; to mature; to fill a young person with the desire for knowledge and an appreciation for learning and life, he would not find on his own. All high schools fulfill some part of this dream, just as all must fall short of it. But it is a sad experience for a student to graduate from four years of a high school, and only look back to remember the silence of empty corridors; of cold regulations vacant of spirit and almost without purpose; to feel only dead emptiness.

In a small high school, as I know, where a graduating class averages one hundred, and everyone knows everyone else, all problems are magnified because of the familiar atmosphere among students. It might be expected to find cold, impersonal attitudes in a huge regional school, but within a small suburban institution emptiness kills like a never ceasing winter. Often there is a barrier between faculty and student, student and student, faculty and administration. Classrooms are conducted on the sole basis of teacher-lecture and student-listen; no break-down or communication able to bridge an ever widening gap between the

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participants. Education consists of memorizing; being tested; being graded. You pass or you fail. There are few second chances. Over a period of four years, all zeal for learning one might have entered high school with, would be buried by the pretenses of an "educational institution;" functioning on petty rules from blind administrators either afraid to listen to the sounds of change or too ignorant to the needs of students in today's society.

How well prepared for life, or even future education would students be, graduating from schools like these. Few would have learned the satisfaction of learning for personal achievement, or even curiosity since motivation or stimulation lie dormant in the back of the classroom. Few would be prepared to begin their first steps beyond graduation, for the roots of independence have never been planted in the personality or growth of these young individuals. Who can possibly be equipped to face life when the "blinds" on classroom windows are only opened for air, not light. How sad that four years would leave such a hollow; a yet unfilled ache for knowledge, a despairing plea for communication and the birth of a real desire to learn.



THE CHURCH

John Kittredge

The church lay still

*The sounds of God's people
long departed.*

*A light wind breezed
through the shutters,*

*Long since rotted to a
warm green mold.*

*And yesterday's rain
lay in the gutter.*

*I'm lonely
Oh yes I am
If only
I'd give a damn.*

John Kittredge

*Life some friendly
comes to knock
Good in itself
I think I'm full with myself
So many people are
they have care
and life ah full
and
A weed is a rose
To those with eyes.*

Sean Allison Kennan

- I. Poems tamper with lock on my mind's door. Spring winds and spring smells do the same. Once I spent an entire new year's with a banjo and his pet banjo player. The Autumn foliage plays rhapsodically with emotions as lithe and malleable as youth itself. An old voice rasping like creaky door ajar in the wind, harkens back to yesterday's now; and I sit here like the old one, smoking my meershaum, droplets of brandy under my tongue, wallowing in the NOW of THIS moment.
- II. Did you know that cork does more than float? It sings, its song is flavoured and mellowed by time. Age has a beauty about it. Old hands are supple and textured, each fold has a story and each story is a moment.
- III. There once was a certain YOU locked up in a subtle but timeless experience. These hands reenact that experience over and over again. Worlds applaud while they wander back and forth, touching her lips and her eyes. She was a child of the moment; a someone, a mind without a body, a teardrop tasting like wine; a person living in a peopled world. We touched for an instant and lent angles to paralleled selves.
- IV. Children are putting their toy boats in the pond below me. They are free for a time. The mask of summer is all that hides them from more crucial games; wires cannot tie them, fences cannot shield them, no lock can keep them from knowing the truth of the winds and the sea. The wood-pile below the house has become a splintery fortress now; bare bellied captains have mounted an assault; soon to give way to other fancies, peanut butter spoils and the like.
- V. Amber glass and walnut panals are what surrounds us here. We leave the door open for strangers when the weather permits us. In the harvest season Pa Blacker brings us squash and anything else that he has been able to salvage after going to market. Blacker is a strong quiet Yankee. His judgment is trustworthy; he is both common and sensical. His garden is a manifestation of his creativity. He doesn't think in terms of abstract, for him, color is an oxblood barn, summer corn, or golden mash from the cider press. Blacker reminds me of the children when they are at their freest.
- VI. I held her one evening while she read to me; it was in a bare and blackened street; we touched while she lighted a moment with ECSTASY.

June 25, 1969

TODAY'S WORLD

Michelle La Marche

*Communist infiltrating
Extremist demonstrating
Soldiers dying
Propaganda flying
Patriotism no more
Fighting on shores
Negro freedom
Teenage boredom
U. S. immorality
Police brutality
Draft cards burning
Minds always churning
It is surely sad that
the world is evil clad.*

Which Way?

P. R. Burno

As outcasts, we plod on through this stinking
life,
Deep inside there is a want to love.
All around us rise cries of revolution,
Our peers, those in which we should seek
comfort shun us.

They cry peace and love; equality for all!
They want all men to be as brothers;
All is solved in peace, they scream.
The leaders rave and act as madmen,
They condemn all those who do not follow them.
And yet, they say, we are all brothers.

To do your own thing is most important.
But just see that it is like all others.
Be independently dependent,
Fight for love, Pot, and LSD but not for
freedom.

To live in a free country is of the utmost
importance
It must be free to start with;
For only then can the rebel demand freedom
Were there no freedom he'd have no guts to ask for it.

Gutless? No! He cries, a lover of peace!
A lover of all things kind and good;
A reformer out to change the world,
A hero ready to give freedom to all men.

He lives to change the world.
To alter freedom, good and evil.
But alas, my friend, he shall.
But, which way? Which way?

To an Ancient Mother

June 25, 1969

Sean Allison Kennan

Do not tell your sons that to wear their silken coats of
green with buttons that illuminate the night
Is to dance the ballet of kings.

And to march with his brothers through the cities of the
huddled, is a trick for only the wittiest of men.

For you see, mother, to dance the dance of kings is to grovel
in the swill of lesser humanity; not the unshaven and the
unkempt; but the workers of Christendom who call themselves
soldiers. (bearing the fruit of your teachings)

I saw you the day that he left you, with a tear in your eye;
as you urged him forward saying, "Go forward Christian
soldier."

And I saw him on the day that he tried:

His cross was made of hard-core plastic; (one of man's
better inventions was the machines that made it, wrapped it,
and blessed it; all in three easy steps.)

But he knew that it wasn't the old rugged cross; for when his
frail body bore too much of a nottoogoodthing; both flesh and
plastic became pulp.

But he wore it with pride, and believed that he was a
CHRISTIAN soldier;

While nails of fascination held his reddened hands to
the trigger, and pegs of fortitude braced his feet to

the walls of a trench, and thorns of delight entwined
his head.

But his mission threatened the angry mob and they terminated
his stay with a piercing whine that sent him, buckling and
contorted, to his knees in the trench.

And there he waited, rotting and moldering for three days.
until he was resurrected by the machine that took him to the
test.

And here he sits, mother, on the right hand side of the family
plot; for all of Christendom (locally) to come and attest to
his quick wit and deadness.

STOP MOTHER!

Don't bathe his body in the soapy swill of the myth of the
Christian soldier.

Don't let him leave us thinking and half believing that
Jesus died for him; and not for the poor, helpless, hopeless,
stuttering bastard on the other side of the parallel.

For there is good, you see, in his dying, mother; as there
may be in your own,

For today, Mother,

The world bears witness,

To the death of the antichrist.

*Humbled I came
Humbled I go*

*Life remains the same
There is no need for sorrow*

John Kittredge